



A merry Dialogue betwixt a married man and his wife,
 concerning the affaires of this carefull life.
 To an excellent Tune.



I have for all good wives a song,
 I doe lament the womens wrong,
 And I doe pittie them with my heart,
 to think upon the womans smart,
 Their labour is great and full of paine,
 yet for the same they have small gaine.

In that you say cannot be true,
 for men doe take more paines then you,
 We toyle, we moile, we grieve and care,
 when you sit on a stoole or chaire,
 yet let us do all what we can,
 your tongues will get the upper hand.

We women in the morning rise,
 as soon as day breaks in the skies,
 And then to please you with desire,
 the first we doe, is, make a fire,
 Then other worke we straight begin,
 to sweep the house, to card, or spin.

Why men doe worke at plough and cart,
 which some would break a womans heart:
 They sow, they mow, and reape the coine,
 and many times doe weare the boine.
 In praise of wifes speaks you no more,
 for these were liars you told before.

We women here do beare the blame,
 but men would seeme to beare the same
 But trust me, I will never yeeld,
 my tongues will stay, I thereon build,
 you may not in this case compare
 with women for their toyle and care.

Is it, this women how you praise,
 tis men that get you all your share,
 You know tis true in what I say,
 therefore you must give men the way,
 And not presume to grow too big,
 your speeches are not worth a fig.

You men could not tell how to live,
 if you of women were bereft,
 We wash your clothes, & scull your diet,
 and all to keep your mindes in quiet,
 Our worke is not done at noone nor night,
 to pleasure men is our delight.

Women are called a house of cares
 they bring poore men unto dispaire,
 That man is blest that hath not bin
 seduced by a womans sin,
 They'l cause a man, if heele give way,
 to bring him to his liues decay.

45. 6. 20. 1722.

The second part.

To the same Tune.



If the poore women were as bad
as men report being drunk or mad,
We might compare with many men,
and count our selves as bad as them.
Some oft are drunk and beat their wives,
and make them weary of their lives.

Why, women they must rule their tongues
that bring them to so many wrongs,
Sometimes their husbands to disgrace,
they'll call him knave and rogue to's face
Say, worse then that they'll tell him plain,
his will be shall not well obtaine,

We women in childbed take great care,
I hope the like sorrow will fall to your share
When would you thinke of womens smart,
and seeme to pity them with your heart,
So many things to us belong,
we oftentimes doe suffer wrong.

Though you in childbed hide some paine,
your Babes renew your ioyes againe,
your Gollups comes unto your ioy.
and say, God blesse your little Boy,
They say, the childe is like the Dad
when he but little share in't had.

You talke like an asse you are a Cuckoldry
He break thy head with a 3 legd stool (fool,
Will you poore Women thus abuse:
our tongues and hands we need to use.

You say our tongues do make men fight,
our hands must serue to do us right.

Then I to you must give the way,
and yeeld to women in what they say,
All you that are to chuse a wife,
be carefull of it as your life.
You see that women will no yeeld,
in any thing to be compeld.

You spades, I speak the like to you,
there's many dangers doe ensue
For howsoever fortunes serue,
see that my rules you doe obserue,
If men once have the upper hand,
they'll keepe you downe do what you can.

I will not seme to urge no more,
good wines, what I did say before,
Was for your good, and so it take,
I loue all women for my wifes sake.
And I pray you when you are sick and dill,
call at my house and take my wife wyl.

Well, come sweete heart let us agree
content, sweet wife so let it be,
Where man and wife both liue at home,
the curse of God hangs o're the gate,
But I will loue thee as my life,
as every man should loue his wife.

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